

## Mount Beauty Men's Shed --After Bogong -- Xmas 2014

Well, we had our Xmas dinner, a real top notch affair,  
The cooks had done a real good job, could not knock back the fare,  
Tables set with knives and forks, and even Xmas bon-bons,  
We all sat there with funny hats, even had some pom-poms.

We all waited eagerly? for the speeches to start up,  
Our leaders did not let us down; you could not shut them up,  
They pumped us up, gave us hope, we'd move in to our shed,  
But they didn't tell us that, half of us just might be dead.

The shed was up the roof was on, doors and windows near in place,  
All we really needed, some bodies to fill the space,  
Our leaders all had other thoughts; they filled the place with wood,  
"Measure it, and cut it up, nail it where you think you should"

We all learned new tasks every day, like how to read a tape,  
And cut a panel just dead square, so others would not gape,  
We fixed uprights, beams and lintels; there was no time to pause'  
We put so many noggins in; there were no holes for doors.

We said, we should have a kitchen, to make a cup of tea,  
Puttyfoot with his trailer, went out, and scrounged up three.  
All were different colours, and they were different styles,  
He must have been to every tip, within a hundred miles.

Sometimes you needed some advice, there's lots of it around,  
But when you asked for an expert, then not one could be found  
You needed something special, didn't matter what you said,  
Just go and ask Dick Puttyfoot, it'll be there in his back shed.

Of all the things us old folks learned, was something really new,  
Three hours we held our water, we didn't have a porta-loo,  
Some thought that they'd last longer, with a bottle near their thigh,  
But then thought it could be dodgy, with all these tools close by.

But it looks like we are winning, gets better every hour,  
It will be much better though, when we can get some power,  
We can then put on the kettle, and won't stop all the work,  
And give the crew a good excuse, to only sit and shirk.

Now it's time to say adieu, as the winters coming on,  
You can all carry on down here, next week, I will be GONE.